

2
ELMAR and ETHLINDA;

A
LEGENDARY TALE: 272.12.19

AND

ADALBA AND AHMORA,

AN

INDIAN TALE:

WITH OTHER PIECES.

BY

MISS HARRIET CHILCOT,

(NOW MRS. MEZIERE.) K

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXXIII.

W. Thorne



TO HER GRACE THE
DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,
THESE POEMS,

WITH

THE UTMOST DIFFIDENCE,

AND

EVERY SENTIMENT OF RESPECT,

ARE INSCRIBED,

BY HER GRACE'S

MOST OBEDIENT,

AND

VERY OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,

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E L M A R

ELMAR AND ETHLINDA,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

B



ELMAR AND ETHLINDA,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

PART I.

I.

DE E P in an ancient time-brown'd wood,
Whose hoary top embow'ring spread ;
O'er-shading Ocean's silent flood,
A little mansion rear'd its head.

II.

Above the ivy fondly stray'd,
And deck'd the humble roof around,
And branching wide its flow'ry shade,
The peaceful dwelling's frontlet bound.

III.

Before, a grove in vernal pride,
Thick spreading, check'd the roving eye ;
To thoughtless souls it thought supply'd,
In-fixing peace that ne'er could die.

IV.

In modest Nature's rural drefs,
Serenely shone the beauteous scene ;
Such tranquil pleasures all express
As ne'er in toils of art is seen.

V.

Here might the contemplative mind
From every green shade taste delight ;
Here, by the murm'ring deep reclin'd,
Or on the wild wood's tow'ring height,

VI.

Pleas'd might it rest, — and think no more
Of joys the faithless world could give ;
But, like one scap'd the tempest's roar,
Resign it all, — and happy live. —

VII.

Oh ! state of bliss, — when, lost to care,
The aching woe-worn heart retires ;
When, safe from life's deep woven snare,
It pleas'd, foregoes its frail desires.

VIII.

And, laid within the arms of peace,
Views the wild storm at distance beat ;
Hears the loud waves around him roar,
Unmov'd within, his calm retreat.

IX.

'Twas here Earl Albert pass'd his day,
Serenely pass'd his tranquil hours ;
Fair peace within had fix'd a ray
That ev'ry cloud of grief o'erpow'rs.

X.

The gem-crown'd monarch on his throne,
Such heart-felt pleasures never knew ;
The thorns by proud ambition sown,
Far distant from his mansion grew.

And

XI.

And here no foe with venom'd tongue
Told the few failings of his breast ;
Nor his good deeds invert to wrong,
Nor his white head with sorrow press'd.

XII.

'Twas peaceful all, — serene as thought
When infants sleep, — was all his heart
Resign'd ; — no more from Heav'n he fought,
Than what its will assign'd his part.

XIII.

With pious love, — one beauteous maid
Improv'd the joys that reign'd around ;
Her heart, — where ev'ry goodness stay'd,
A home the sacred virtues found. —

XIV.

She, lovely as the op'ning morn,
O'er-paid a father's tender care ;
Bright as the dew-drops on the thorn,
Her eye spoke pity ever there.

XV.

Her mind was gentle as the breeze
 That steals at eve along the flow'rs,
 Serene, as when the silver'd trees
 Scarce wave their tops to fan the bow'rs.

XVI.

If e'er a bird, — by chance or time, —
 Resign'd its little tuneful breath,
 She'd dig beneath the flow'ry thyme,
 And lay it in the lap of earth ;

XVII.

And mourn awhile in pensive lay,
 The liquid music lost from air ; —
 Of tears a tender tribute pay,
 To what no more would warble there.

XVIII.

There state so blest'd : — Arcadia's reign
 Appear'd reviv'd in this calm scene ;
 Free as when Phœbus trod the plain,
 And Love and Friendship crown'd each green.

Yet

XIX.

Yet Sorrow stole ; — in her fair breast
 Th' unsparing tyrant fix'd his dart ;
 Conceal'd it lay, a silent guest,
 That spoke not, though it tore her heart :

XX.

And when that heart in silent pray'r
 Would ask of Heav'n her fire's repose ;
 Another would its wishes share,
 Another pray'r for Elmar rose.

XXI.

For Elmar from her arms had fled,
 (Ambition stopp'd each tender tear,)
 The hostile paths of war to tread,
 He left her, — though he lov'd sincere.

XXII.

Then, — when its chiefs, — his country arm'd,
 Fame's sacred fire his soul possess'd ;
 Earl Albert, too, by glory warm'd,
 Wou'd bid him court the laurel'd guest.

XXIII.

For, oh ! the eve of life (he cries)
Soon crouds upon the op'ning day ;
“ Then 'gain at morn the radiant prize,
“ That ev'ning clouds may chace away.

XXIV.

“ Yet, oh ! too oft, — Fame points a thorn,
“ That wounds the heart at ev'ry tread ;
“ Hear then, — when Reason's voice would warn,
“ Nor the mad call of passion heed.”

XXV.

For he in early life had stray'd,
Its busy paths, in search of fame, —
Where the loud contest oft betray'd
Some virtuous heart to deeds of shame.

XXVI.

Long had he rov'd the crouded way,
Saw good men fall, — and base one's rise ;
Then, ere his closing eve of day,
To find repose, — this spot he tries.

XXVII.

Here saw Ethlinda's beauties bloom,
Like some fair flower beneath the shade ;
That silent spreads its sweet perfume,
And decks unseen the lonely glade.

XXVIII.

And while unknown, on distant shores,
Where War and Death triumphant reign ;
Her Elmar roams ; — she here implores
His safety from Death's dreary plain.

XXIX.

With fear, — with grief, — her heart oft bled,
Their souls no more on earth might meet ;
For long from peace and love he fled,
A stranger to their calm retreat.

XXX.

Now day retir'd ; — the night arose,
And hung around her fable vest ;
Earth's sons in slumber sought repose,
Save Sorrow, all were sunk to rest.

Night's

XXXI.

Night's silver queen, — her starry train, —
In silent order stole along;
Enlight'ning all the peaceful plain,
Attending Philomela's song.

XXXII.

Swift darkness veil'd the milky road,
And loud the rending storm arose;
Wild tempests from her drear abode,
In mountain-billows ocean throws.

XXXIII.

Death strode its top, — from clift to cave
The foamy waters thund'ring beat;
Steep from the clouds the surging wave
Sunk to the wild flood's sunless feat.

XXXIV.

Loud through the storm the shrieks of death,
Of struggling nature fill'd the blast;
“O save them, God! — thou God of earth,
“O save thy sons — too late — 'tis past!” —

XXXV.

Earl Albert rose, --- high heaven implor'd,
 'Twas suff'ring Nature form'd the pray'r;
 And for the storm that round him roar'd,
 Gave all he could --- a pitying tear. ---

XXXVI.

All sunk at once, the tempests cease,
 Still in their caves the whirlwinds slept:
 The bellowing waves were hush'd in peace,
 And nought save man, --- for mankind wept.

XXXVII.

"Soul of the world!" Earl Albert cries,
 "Thy will the murd'ring waves could stay;
 "Why, King of Mercy! --- Pow'r all wise!
 "Ah, pardon, Heav'n; --- man must obey.

XXXVIII.

"Weak dust of earth; --- a worm, --- no more,
 "Whose voice thy pow'r cou'd instant still;
 "Shall he thy sacred ways explore,
 "Dare tax thy all-disposing will? ---

"Great

XXXIX.

“ Great power of nature — what is man ?

“ His woes — his being scarce an hour :

“ Stretch’d to his nature’s utmost span,

“ Alone a short liv’d with’ring flow’r.

XL.

“ Then why weak being — why complain,

“ Why rose by joy, or sunk by grief ?

“ Short is thy portion — e’en of pain,

“ Death — life’s restorer, brings relief.”

XLI.

And now the morn in twilight grey,

Spread o’er the hills her welcome light :

The peaceful ocean’s guilty way,

Alike receiv’d her radiant light.

XLII.

When on the frowning cavern’s side

Thrown by the waves — bereft of breath,

A youth, in nature’s blooming pride,

Lay on the wild project of earth.

XLIII.

Earl Albert flew — with pious care,
Strove to recall the flying soul,
For life yet seem'd to linger there,
And death's invading powers controul.

XLIV.

Streight in his arms the form he bore,
To his sequester'd humble home ;
The maid from pity's ample store,
Wept o'er his youth's too early tomb.

XLV.

And now the sun his golden ray
Spread o'er the earth — thro' its still'd course
Convulsing nature forc'd it's way,
Warm beating from it's central source.

XLVI.

Now life return'd — joy, wonder, fear,
At once in swift succession rise ;
The mixt emotions all declare,
The mutual bosom's sweet surprise.

XLVII.

Joy work'd too high — she fainting fell,
Her beauteous eyes resign'd the day :
Fear, hope, life's beating pulse repell,
Yet soon resumes its azure way.

XLVIII.

'Twas Elmar's self — amaz'd they stand,
A while with transport dumb they gaze ;
To heav'n they lift the trembling hand,
To heav'n ascends their grateful praise.

LXIX.

“ Oh ! what strange fate mysterious heav'n,
“ Could lead thro' death my way to thee ?
“ Tho' all unhop'd, each prayer was giv'n,
“ Again sweet soul—that form to see.”

L.

In speechless gaze—in silent thought,
A while the sage elated stands,
“ Thou God ! whose ways with wonders fraught
“ Thus life—from deathful waves commands.

To

LI.

- “ To Elmar, then—oh! deep my son,
“ Deep in thy heart heav’ns mercies fold!
“ For soon life’s rolling sand is run,
“ While looking forth—gone ere ’tis told.

LII.

- “ Then well befits it soon to seek,
“ The peaceful heav’n-directed way;
“ For erring man, alas! is weak,
“ And numerous ills around him stray.

LIII.

- “ And did the heart by guilt unstain’d,
“ Once feel the pang it fixes there,
“ Ere vice had that fair feat prophan’d,
“ How it would guard from ev’ry snare!

LIV.

- “ Here, then, dear objects of my love,
“ Sweet souls! here, then, for ever stay;
“ And when death shall this form remove,
“ Here fix thro’ life your faultless way.

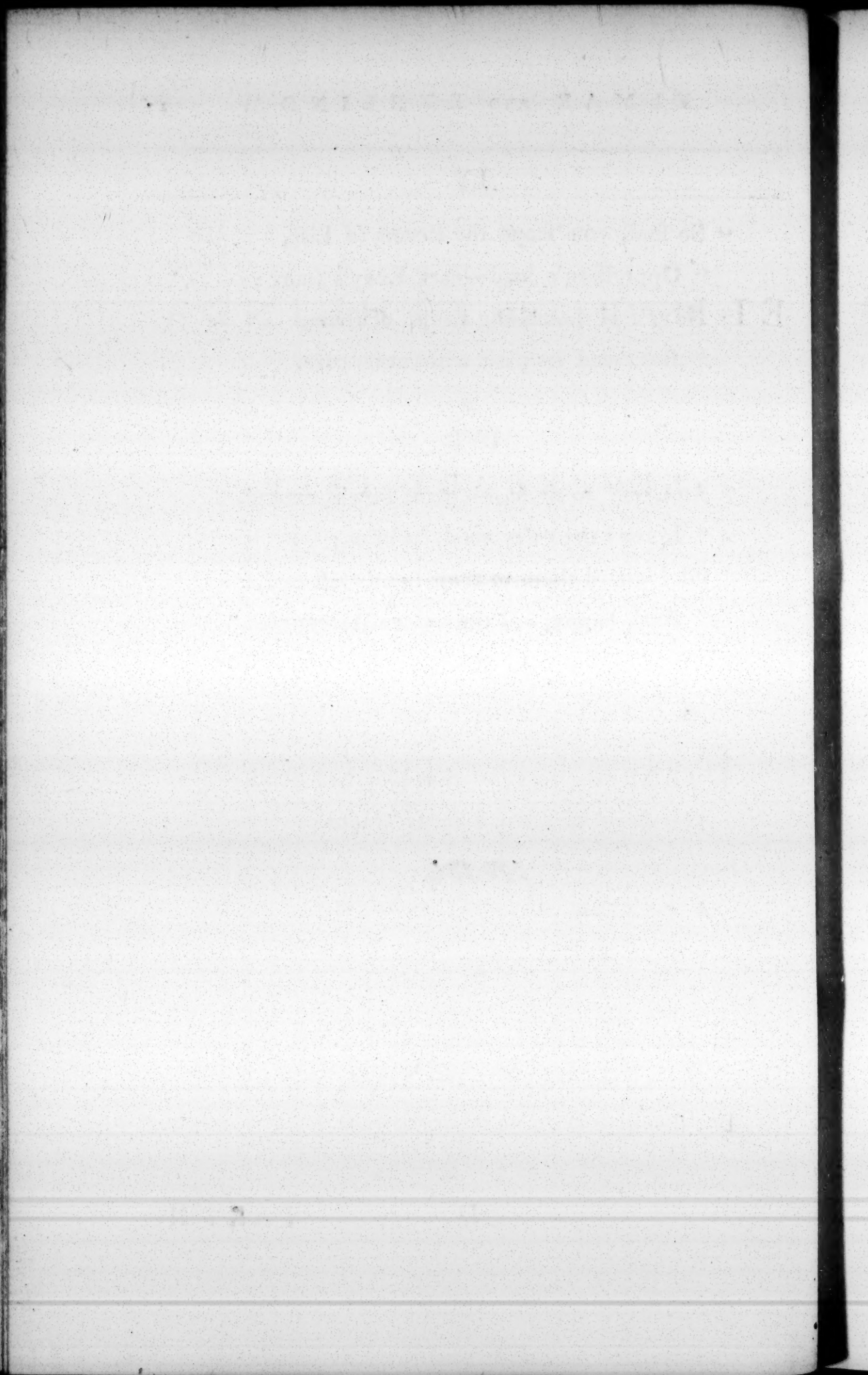
LV.

“ So shall you ’scape the storms of Life,
“ Oppression’s load—dark Envy’s snare ;
“ Ne’er feel the aching pangs of strife,
“ But tread its path without its care.

LVI.

“ And, oh ! to these, — great Pow’r, extend,
“ Extend thy ev’ry good, he cries ;
“ Oh ! guard them to their hour’s last end,
“ And, happy, ---- time-worn Albert dies ”





ELMAR AND ETHLINDA,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

PART II.

I.

FIRM on a rock, — that long had stood
The siege of many a hardy knight;
Encircled by a pathless wood,
A castle rose, of wond'rous height.

II.

Its dark high walls in terrors look
O'er all the frightened vales below;
The shepherd train its shades forsook,
— The seat of dark despairing woe. —

III.

The knight that own'd this wide domain,
 (A man of rude and savage mould)
 Ne'er heav'd a sigh for others' pain,
 Nor dropt a tear on sorrows told.

IV.

And though time o'er him strove to throw
 His beauty-hiding hoary vest ;
 Yet could it not its influence shew,
 Nor quell the raging of his breast : —

V.

Impetuous as the lightning's fire,
 That sudden shoots along the grove ;
 As thunders loud — would fatal ire
 At once his hapless bosom move ! —

VI.

His passions never knew controul, —
 No wish, once form'd, e'er sunk to rest ; —
 Wild rag'd the tempest in his soul,
 And tore each calm thought from his breast !

But

VII.

But Fortune oft, by some sad change,
Doth fix through life our future way ;
And the torn heart where passions range,
Did haply once with Virtue stay.

VIII.

The flow'r that breathes in some lone shade,
And spreads, unseen, its sweetness round,
May bloom in peace, — but who e'er stray'd
Life's busy scenes, — nor felt grief's wound ?

IX.

Yet the weak heart still longs to rove,
And the care-crouded scene admires ;
Till, like some warbler of the grove,
Deep struck, — it bleeding back retires.

X.

So far'd it now ; for, erst the knight
Had felt of peace the gentler charms ;
Had known that tender, soft delight,
Which souls ally'd in friendship warms.

XI.

For years now past, — when young his arm
 Cou'd launch the dart with deathful aim ;
 On hostile plains he join'd th' alarm
 Of war's loud trump, in search of fame.

XII.

And there to sooth war's rugged toil,
 His soul's lov'd mate its dangers share ;
 While one sweet prattling infant's smile
 More than o'erpaid a parent's care.

XIII.

But Fortune frowning on their side,
 Blest with her smiles, their ruthless foe ;
 Whose savage chief with cruel pride,
 Spread round him, — horror, death, and woe !

XIV.

And there his wife and infant fell,
 Unknown, beneath war's blood-stain'd spear ;
 None more their hapless fate could tell,
 For none could future tidings hear.

XV.

But he escap'd their fatal rage,
Long led in blood a life of pain ;
The charms of peace no more engage,
But fierceness in his bosom reign.

XVI.

At length the knight in fullen mood,
Here fled, to pass his future day ;
Each selfish wish alone pursu'd,
Nor ever bid one passion stay.

XVII.

It chanc'd, as through the woods one morn,
His lonely wand'ring footsteps rove ;
Day's radiant orb the meads adorn,
And tempt his steps to pierce the grove. —

XVIII.

'Twas Albert's grove, — beneath its shade
Ethlinda's beauties met his eye ;
'Twas there each morn, the fainted maid
Sent her orisons to the sky. —

From

XIX.

From gaze unknown, with instant haste,
The beauteous blushing maid retir'd;
Amaz'd, he view'd the charms that grace
A desert wild, — by none admir'd.

XX.

And, though no more his eye she meets,
He gaz'd awhile enraptur'd there;
Then slow he from its shades retreats,
While varying pangs his bosom tear.

XXI.

Oft he explores the verdant grove,
To view again the lovely maid;
His bosom fraught, — ah, not with love,
So soft a guest ne'er with him staid.

XXII.

But still, whene'er his form appears,
She instant flies his eager sight;
In vain his ever watchful cares, —
To tell his pangs, or his delight.

XXIII.

Revenge now held her fatal lamp,
At which his fierce heart lit a flame,
That Reason's cold hand cou'd not damp,
Though her ray shew'd its deeds of shame.

XXIV.

Thus Ætna's bowels, long unmov'd,
At length burst forth with vengeance dire;
And with tremendous pow'rs improv'd,
Spread o'er the plain in liquid fire.

XXV.

Oh, gracious Heav'n! how fell the heart,
Where rage, dethroning reason, lives? —
Dark horror rules in ev'ry part,
And to the wretch deep anguish gives!

XXVI.

But innocence, how pleas'd, — serene
It treads each flow'ry painted vale;
Alike delights each vary'd scene,
Soft music floats on ev'ry gale.

XXVII.

As dark-brow'd rocks, where terror frowns,
 While billows wash the founding shore ;
 The tranquil breast of virtue owns,
 It views unmov'd, and smiles secure.

XXVIII.

Fair rose the moon ; her virgin ray
 (Soft'ning the shades of fullen night)
 Around the hills and valleys stray,
 And silver'd o'er the groves with light.

XXIX.

Serene as vernal evening's air,
 Along the plain the lovers rove ;
 Joy reign'd alone, devoid of care,
 The look, — the heart, — the soul was love

XXX.

When sudden, from a winding path,
 The furious knight impetuous rush'd ;
 His bosom swell'd with fatal wrath,
 The sacred voice of reason hush'd.

↓

(At

XXXI.

(At once fair Cynthia's beams withdrew,
Behind a cloud she hid her light ;
Night's virgin empress fear'd to view
A scene so full of wild affright !)

XXXII.

For now his steel with vengeance base,
From Elmar's heart life's current drew ;
The stream the raking point does chace,
Death o'er him his pale banners threw.

XXXIII.

Again the Moon reveal'd her face,
Her beams the mournful scene descry'd ;
The youth lay clasp'd in Death's embrace,
While round him flow'd life's purple tide. —

XXXIV.

Beside, — Ethlinda, — woe-struck fair !
Lay senseless on the dewy ground ;
The beauteous victim of despair,
Of ev'ry horror reigning round.

XXXV.

And now, the youth by Death's pangs stung,
Attempts to sigh his last farewell;
The accent falter'd on his tongue,
The untold wish on his heart fell. —

XXXVI.

At length he speaks: — “ Oh ! dearest maid,
“ Life — of the life that's flowing hence ! —
“ Oh ! ne'er, when I in earth am laid,
“ Let mem'ry wake one painful sense ; —

XXXVII.

“ Or, if the tender tear will rise,
“ Oh, wipe it soon from that fair eye ;
“ Then, — when this form in ashes lies,
“ Thy Elmar's soul will round thee fly.”

XXXVIII.

But language fails, — words lose their force,
The swelling anguish silent lay ;
Convulsing Nature stopt its course ; —
Then wild, despairing, burst its way !

XXXIX.

For who can paint what felt the knight,
When Elmar's name assail'd his ear ; —
In horror wrapt, with wild affright,
He ask'd again that name to hear ! —

XL.

“ Yes, I am Elmar,” faint he cried,
“ My hapless sire in battle fell ; —
“ But thou, — to pity — unally'd,
“ Ah ! what avails it thee to tell ?”

XLI.

“ Blast, blast me, Gods !” wild rav'd the knight, —
“ My son by my own hand lies slain ! —
“ Oh, could I tread the shades of night,
“ Or hide where fiends in darkness reign !

XLII.

With anguish struck, around he flies ! —
Swift Elmar's fleeting soul return'd ;
“ And art thou Albin, then,” he cries,
“ Whom, thinking dead, so long we mourn'd ?”

“ Oh,

XLIII.

“ Oh ! that I had — thy mother dear ! —
“ Yet say not — speak not — horrors roll !
“ From hell arising ! — fill the air,
While fiends of torture grasp my soul !

XLIV.

Swift, — frantic on his sword he fell ! —
Nor Elmar could his fierce hand stay ; —
“ Dear murder’d youth,” — he cried, “ farewell,
“ I go, — guilt’s heavy debt to pay.”

XLV.

Then, as he spoke, his spirit flew,
And left to earth — its house of clay ;
That instant Elmar’s soul withdrew,
To realms of light it wing’d its way.

XLVI.

Ethlinda now, — as from a sleep
Arising, — op’d her beauteous eyes ;
She view’d him dead, — yet could not weep,
“ Too big the anguish’d feelings rise ! —

Tearless,

XLVII.

Tearless, her eye to heav'n ascends,
A still — cold tremor fill'd her breast !
Then, like a storm-prest flow'r she bends,
And sinks to silence, — death, — and rest.

XLVIII.

And now her aged fire appears,
For his lov'd child he calls around ;
Alas ! his voice no more she hears,
No more returns the well-known sound. —

XLIX.

Transfix'd he stands ; — wild o'er the earth
His eyes their lifeless corse view ;
He instant yields his grief to Death ; —
In one deep groan his spirit flew !



SECRET

SECRET

C

ORMAR AND ZABRIA;

OR, THE

PARTING LOVERS.

F



ORMAR AND ZABRIA;

OR, THE PARTING LOVERS:

AN ORIENTAL ECLOGUE.

The scene of the following little piece is supposed to be among the tents of the wandering Arabs, — where many tribes often encamp together; from which connection the youths of one, often fall in love with the maids of another: — when, suddenly, the Heads of the tribes order their tents to be struck, and remove, — some to the right, and some to the left; — by which the lovers are parted, — without a probability of ever meeting more.

WHERE the Euphrates bathes the flow'ry shores,
And in hoarse murmurs round the mountains roars;
Where moss-crown'd fountains o'er the valleys play,
The wand'ring tribes of Arab fix'd their way.

O'er the soft mead, — or in the silent grove,
From distant tents the meeting flocks wou'd rove ;
While shepherd maids beneath the verdant shade,
With their gay songs, the hills all vocal made.
Of all that led their rural flocks along,
And made the hills re-echo with their song,
Zabria shone brightest of the fair-form'd race,
The rose of Sharon budded in her face ;
And all that Nature's sacred hand could give,
Adorn'd her form, — and in her bosom live. —

— Ormar, — of Mahmond's tent, long lov'd the maid,
And sung her beauties in each verdant shade :
Of Zabria first began the tuneful strain,
And Zabria last re-echo'd round the plain.

— What time the sun wou'd gild the highest hill,
And birds their gentle notes soft warbling thrill ;
On the blue mountains, — or the shaded green,
They led their flocks, in rural joys serene. —
When the soft drops from Heav'n bedew'd the plains,
Beneath some fragrant shade he tun'd his strains ;
Or, if the sun too fiercely darts its ray,
And shines full blazing through the solar way, —

A grot he form'd beside the cooling stream,
Would hide her beauties from his scorching beam ;
Carv'd on each tree around her long-lov'd name,
Told in a thousand forms his spotless flame ;
A flame as pure, as in the silent tomb
The sacred light that gilds the midnight gloom ! —
One wish alone their mutual bosoms warm'd,
One soul alone their equal hearts inform'd. —
But when, ah when ! will fate with love unite ? —
Or when shall faithful bosoms know delight ? —
With love, despair, — with truth, afflictions live,
And hope's bright ray seems glitt'ring to deceive :
Bright gilds the scene which erring fancies tread,
Yet e're the summit's gain'd, the charm is fled. —
All, all was fled, — the lovers swift must part,
And from each other tear the long-fix'd heart ; —
The wand'ring Arabs distant mark their way,
And friends from friends, far, far remote must stray.
But Ormar most, and Zabria weeping fair,
Felt the sharp anguish of love's deep despair ; —
As fly the whirlwinds o'er the desert vales,
Far fled each hope, — and grief alone prevails ;

Tore each fine fibre of the aching heart,
 Swell'd * in each vein, — and reign'd in ev'ry part.
 — The destin'd morn arose, — the chiefs divide,
 Tears dew'd each face; around them mis'ry sigh'd:
 The hours approach, — the suffering lovers prove
 How hard the task, — to conquer long-fix'd love!
 The vanquish'd bosom strove in vain to hide
 Those tender wishes fate on earth denied; —
 Sad, mute they stand, — while deep affliction tore
 The gentle hearts, where peace had reign'd before;
 At length, the long-kept silence Zabria broke,
 While love's deep anguish in each accent spoke.

Z A B R I A.

Soul of my soul! — from whom this bleeding heart
 Deep pain'd, — by anguish torn, — is doom'd to part;
 Oh! where can grief find language to convey
 The fatal pangs that on this bosom prey. —
 Fain, ere we part, wou'd this fond soul implore
 Some higher good than thought e'er form'd before;

But

* The Arabs forbid the intermarriages with different tribes.

But language fails, — save anguish, nought remains,
To tell the wish this bleeding heart retains.

O R M A R.

Oh! Zabria, — dearer to this heart than all
Heav'ns hand can give, — or mortals happy call!
Can this fond soul apart from thee e'er know
One hour — one thought — one moment but of woe! —
Fain, fain wou'd hope, that gilds affliction's cell,
The deep, dark anguish of my soul repel; —
But like the colourings of the setting day,
It swiftly flies, and darkness fills its way. —
Oh! more than life! — may Heav'n in bounteous store,
Each bliss it holds in rich profusion pour: —
May ev'ry joy thy heart wou'd call on nœ,
Some angel's guardian wing reserve for thee: —
Oh! let my soul but think my Zabria blest,
Of joy, 'mid pangs, this heart will be possess'd.

Z A B R I A.

Z A B R I A.

Cease, Ormar, cease, — my struggling soul to tear,
 It sinks, o'erwhelm'd in floods of deep despair !
 For me, alas ! thy ev'ry pray'r is vain,
 This tortur'd bosom nought can know but pain ; —
 But may'st thou ne'er — great Oromazes, hear,
 One thought of grief, — one sigh of mis'ry share : —
 May thy last moment, as thy first, be blest,
 And hov'ring seraphs sing thy soul to rest ! —
 Paint some gay vision to thy parting sight,
 And lead in bliss thy soul to endless light !

O R M A R.

Spirit of life, — for thee this heart will bleed,
 'Till life's bright flame shall from my breast recede ;
 Fix'd in my heart — thy form shall still remain,
 Thy lov'd idea fill each aching vein ; —
 And only then, — when they surcease to flow,
 Shall this fond heart its faithful love forego.

Z A B R I A.

Z A B R I A.

Oh youth ! long lov'd, — wou'd fortune raise me high,
 Give to my hand whate'er cou'd meet my eye ; —
 Wou'd Persia's lord me to a sceptre raise,
 Wou'd wealth and glory wait my future days,
 I'd all forego, — and in some silent grove
 Forgotten live, — to Ormar true, — and love : —
 Oh, then, lov'd youth, if we no more shall meet,
 If Fate's hard frown, — Hope's radiant smiles defeat ;
 Yet think, oh think, when ev'ning shades the plain,
 Or morn's fair beams bright o'er the mountain's reign ;
 Think, — think of Zabria, who will then implore
 The gods, to bless the form she views no more.

O R M A R.

Oh ! I will think, 'till thought this brain forsakes,
 And death from this fond heart its impulse takes
 Amid the gloom that shades the midnight sky,
 My Zabria's form shall meet my longing eye ;
 Float on the hours of morn, of noon, of night,
 And mount in visions to my raptur'd sight. —

G

On !

Oh ! when from thee I tread the flow'ry vale,
My sighs will rise on ev'ry murm'ring gale ;
On the wild raging of the whirlwind's ride,
Break air's thin fluid, nor on earth divide :
Think, 'till the last thought from my lips shall fall,
And with its parting sound on Zabria call !
— They said, — when lo ! — apart the chiefs divide,
A last farewell the parting lovers sigh'd :
Their eyes sad speak, — a fix'd, — a deep despair,
And look'd, — 'till sight was lost on vacant air.



ADALBA AND AHMORA,

AN

INDIAN TALE.



ADALBA AND AHMORA,

AN

INDIAN TALE.*

PALE — silent eve, o'er all had spread her wings,
And dropt soft slumbers on the eye of pain ; —
The tyrant conq'rors of the new-found shore,
Awhile surceas'd their triumphs o'er the fall'n !

Loud

* Scene in the Peruvian Indies, — when the Spaniards first desolated that unhappy country, — when the way to their riches was paved with the bones, and washed with the blood of the too generous natives !

Loud groans were hush'd, and slaves in peace repos'd,
 Still was the scene around, — still as death's vault,
 All left their mis'ry to the morn's return,
 Save sad Adalba, — Woe's unhappy child, —
 'The living victim of hell's fiends on earth! —
 — Beneath a plantain's shade the chief reclin'd,
 Loading with anguish ev'ry passing breeze. —
 With horror trembling, — silent long he sat,
 While Despair, with her sharp envenom'd tooth,
 Gnaw'd deep his heart: — His fire in battle fell,
 And at his side a much lov'd brother's blood
 Left vacant life's warm seat in tortur'd pangs!
 — Adalba, last of his torn country's chiefs,
 Fir'd from the bloodless corse stretch'd around,
 Rous'd of his fellows, — the expiring zeal, —
 Warm'd by his wrongs, despair no more appear'd;
 Rage fir'd life's wasted stream, new strung each nerve:
 Great Freedom's martyrs — all exulting fell. —
 — Almost alone, 'mid hosts of savage foes,
 Of Christian * savages, — hell's firmest friends! —

Adalba

* Bartholomew Las-cases, that apostle of the Indies, as the great
 Marmontel justly calls him, — after having given Charles the Fifth
 a picture

Adalba fought, — gave for each lost, a life ; —
 Wild for revenge, he rush'd to horror's arms ! —
 The thund'ring cannon's shiv'ring touch
 He scorn'd ; — the sword's blood-thirsty point ! —
 Their chief he slew ; —

The well-aim'd arrow reach'd his sable heart,
 And drank its life ; — then fail'd his long-try'd strength,
 And, like a full-stretch'd bow, — its arrows spent,
 He useless lay, in floods of Indian gore ; —
 And when returning life restor'd its sense,
 He found, in chains, HIMSELF a captive here.

Long had he view'd his fellow slaves around,
 (His vassals late, — now fellows in despair)
 Doom'd by their tyrant masters, deep to tear

The

a picture of the cruelties committed in the New World, says, —
 “ This is the reason why the Indians are so ready to make their
 “ mock of the God we worship, — and persist so obstinately in
 “ their incredulity : they are persuaded, that the God of the
 “ Christians is the most cruel of all Gods, — since the Christians
 “ who worship him are the most cruel and corrupt of all man-
 “ kind.” — The savage ferocity of their first discoveries, — too
 well excuse them for the dread assertion !

The closed bowels of their mother earth : —
Their abject, — captiv'd state, — their clatt'ring chains,
Which ever, and anon, they restless shook, —
Swell his big heart, — with ireful, — deep revenge !
He saw his country, — late of peace the seat,
Made a drear sea of blood, — of Indian gore,
'Torn from the entrails of its anguish'd chiefs ! —
He saw the spot himself so late had rul'd,
Fill'd with Oppression's sons, — a savage race ! —
His throne, — his temples, — low, — a silent heap ;
No more the holy Virgin's pious hymn
Pierce in sweet concord, Heav'n's ethereal vault : —
Still was the sacred voice religion rais'd :
And lost the temples — of the radiant sun ! —
—— The silver regent of night's ebon hour
Had spread her beams o'er all the dreary scene. —
Speechless he gaz'd around the lonely waste,
'Till from afar, — in ruins stretch'd along, —
Ahmora's palace met his aching sight,
Then — deeply striking on his tortur'd sense,
Like the fork'd lightnings on the hoary oak ; —
The thought gave fire, — and passion burst to speech : —

—“Oh! thou,” — he cried, “thou star of this great world,
 “ Thou blaz’ning God, whom bowing realms adore!
 “ Thou sacred source, whence Nature draws its birth,
 “ And born — it’s ev’ry good, — foul of the world!
 “ Why let the dark foe, — thus o’ercome thy sons?
 “ Great light of heav’n, — curse their moon-fac’d race!
 “ Whose coward souls, — cool as the pallid hue
 “ Their death-forms wear, — ne’er felt the glowing fire
 “ Thy flaming eye does on our race bestow, —
 “ Whose burning orb, — full-beaming on our shore,
 “ Engenders virtue with the fire-form’d soul! —
 “ And bids it mount, — superior mount, —
 “ High o’er the cold chill’d white man’s narrow thought!
 “ Fiends, tear this savage heart! — that fell Hesperian! —
 “ Whose murd’ring arm first drew the blood of India! —
 “ Laid waste thy temple, — tore thy sacred form: *—
 “ With impious hands thy hallow’d temple rent; —
 “ And tore Ahmora! — Oh! rest there, my soul,

H

“ Rouse

* At the destruction of that vast empire, — an image of the Sun, formed entirely of beaten gold, which at the rising of that bright luminary caught, and diffused its radiance over the temple, — was by the rapacious Spaniards totally destroyed.

“ Rouse not remembrance from thy deep dark cave,
 “ Where anguish lies interr’d in stifled groans; —
 “ Fell curse of earth! — Those European tyrants, —
 “ Their God did send them:—Was their plea for murder?
 “ — Destructive fiends! —
 “ They of a Saviour talk, — and saving faith: —
 “ They preach of mercy,—while their hands draw blood!
 “ Their sacred — dying God * imprompts to murder!
 “ Oh! send thy dread Illapa, † sacred pow’r! —
 “ Look from thy blazing throne, thou God of fire! —
 “ Tear from the earth these tort’ers of thy race;
 “ Let their souls float in floods of liquid gold,
 “ Of that vile earth, for which they murder here!
 “ — Revenge — thou great — thou blood-delighting God,

“ Thou

* In the horrid massacre of the Peruvian Indians, Valverde, an execrable priest, with a crucifix in his hand, kept animating the almost exhausted Spaniards to perseverance, — crying out, “ God was their guide, and Heaven their reward.” — No less than three hundred thousand fell that day! — Sacrilegious wretch! — who would not be a fiend to torture such a soul?

† The ministers of thunder.

“ Thou secret mover of high injur’d souls, —
“ Light thy fell torch, — unloose thy goary locks, —
“ With all thy horrors aid a frantic wretch ; —
“ And for each drop that dew’d our ravag’d shores,
“ Let oceans wash the white man’s hated land ; —
“ Drain their fell hearts of all its fable gore, —
“ Let their bones dry upon our injur’d land,
“ Nor leave one life to tell whose once they were ! —”

The forceless rage recoiling on himself,
Suppress’d his pow’r of speech ; — he fell to earth : —
Soft as the roseate breath of op’ning morn,
From Death’s dark cave, instant a voice recall’d him :
“ Oh ! thou !” it cried, “ thou more than life of mine,
“ Thou only soul of her who lives for thee !
“ Awake, lov’d form, — awake, — Ahmora calls !”

The last dread summons that shall wake mankind,
Not deeper on th’ astonish’d soul will burst !

He wakes, — he starts, — and, wildly gazing round,
 “ Oh ! ’tis too much for faith ; art thou,” he cried,
 “ ’Tis but the phantom of my aching sense,
 “ Deceiving my weak sight with rays of bliss !”

A H M O R A.

Spirit of life, — ’tis thy Ahmora speaks,
 Torn from the altar, — from thy sacred arms,
 She yet — yet lives, for unknown years of joy !

A D A L B A.

When, when shou’d souls despair, — when sink from
 hope ?
 Oh ! by what wond’rous means, all giving pow’r,
 Bliss of my life ! — do I again enfold thee ?

A H M O R A.

AHMORA.

Our great God rais'd the storm !
 From the wild raging of the roaring deep,
 From the dark flying * houses of the foe,
 Great Manca's fire preserv'd me : — Oh ! my love,
 These cruel men -- their souls know not our faith ; --
 At my heart's anguish, — at my tears they laugh'd :
 Soon as the wild fiends tore me from thy arms,
 They bore me to a cell, whose darksome gloom
 Our great God ne'er could pierce — with savage force
 They chain'd my sad form to their trembling floor ; —
 But our great God — soon — soon aveng'd my wrongs !
 Soon bid them feel for his offended race. —
 ——— Scarce had they parted from the ravag'd shores,
 Their cruel arm had made a sea of blood !
 When the big storm arose, the thunders roll'd,
 And flaming lightnings shew'd the hidden day ;
 O'er the fell monsters, shap'd in human form,

The

* The ships.

The waves impetuous roll'd, — their flying * wings
 Were wash'd into the deep, --- it roll'd aloft,
 And bellowing torrents tore their close-form'd sides ;
 And, dire to tell, --- amid the raging of avenging heaven,
 'Mid horror's reign, — with unheard cruel skill,
 They hurl'd their death-balls on those swimming few,
 Heav'n's sacred hand preserv'd ; — yet, oh ! not long —
 Waves flaming, dash'd them low ; from its fierce rage
 A wounded Indian bore me to the shore,
 And, as he reach'd it, died. — At once
 The foaming monsters of the roaring deep
 Swallow'd our savage foes ; — their castles sunk,
 Unseen for ever sunk, — from light and life !

A D A L B A .

Giver of good ! — great justice-rend'ring God !
 Thou master of the storm, whose potent voice
 Can bid in peace the roaring ocean sleep,

And

* The sails,

And still the whirlwind's rage ! where, where can words ?
Too high for praise, we dare not speak our thanks ; —
Accept, then, oh ! accept the silent pray'r,
That speechless lies within the grateful heart. —
— Dear, beauteous maid, sweet sharer of my soul !
Yet what avails thy safety from the storm ? —
Here we must fall — the prey of ruffians fall.
Send down thy fire, thou blazing god of day,
In one wide ruin, — wrap thy injur'd sons,
And save her from the fell barbarian's grasp ; —
A slave, — in chains a slave, — sweet form of beauty !
— Oh ! that these hands, — each tortur'd beating pulse,
Each aching fibre of this anguish'd heart —
Wore death --- wore poison'd arrows of revenge !
Oh ! my heart's life ! thou'rt torture to my sense,
My bliss, --- and pain, --- without thee death were wish'd,
But with thee, --- base though life, --- vile as the means
By which I drag it on : --- from thee I cannot part !

A H M O R A .

A H M O R A.

No, my Adalba, --- we will ne'er part more,
 In life, --- in death, --- we'll join; --- and see this dagger:
 I tore it from a brother's bleeding breast,
 And my hair conceal'd it! silent I stole
 Along the moon-lit shore, --- a dreary waste, ---
 No peaceful Indian watch'd her rising orb;
 Blood mark'd each spot, --- so late the seat of peace,
 Blood mark'd each step, --- my sad feet trembling took!
 Oh! I had pray'd to yon fair orb of night,
 'Till nature sunk --- worn out with the soul's pangs: ---
 I pray'd but to behold thee; --- and 'tis giv'n: ---
 See, my Adalba, see this friendly point, ---
 'Twill give us freedom and eternal rest,
 A rest, a freedom we shall ne'er find here!

ADALBA.

A D A L B A.

— Oh ! for the top of Andes' * barb'rous shore ! —
 Or roaring Cotopaxi's flaming mouth ! †
 Less savage far than these ferocious fiends ! —
 — But Heav'n opes wide, — our God waits in yon cloud,
 Then since no more, since 'tis denied us here,
 In that gay world, — our God for us prepares,
 Where no vile European's foul dare rove,
 We shall again embrace, — again be blest. —

From her rais'd arm he snatch'd the pointed steel,
 O'erpower'd, and worn with grief's deep-anguish'd pang,
 Speechless he sunk into her trembling arms !

—— And now the morn, that here in brighter ray,
 Shines o'er the favour'd clime, began her course ;
 And now approach'd the peace-disturbing fiend,
 Whom tyrant Spain ordain'd to be their scourge ;
 With horrid stripes, from their once peaceful shores,
 Rewakes to pain and toil the sleeping slaves : —

I

Amaz'd,

* The inhabitants fed on human flesh.

† A burning mountain.

Amaz'd, deep wond'ring, they Adalba reach,
With cruel force wou'd tear her from his arms;
Frantic she clasps him; hope — far, far is fled! —
Swift he his dagger plunges in her heart;
Then in his own: — he holds her to his breast, —
Then wildly gazing, fears the stroke not sure,
'Till her chang'd aspect tells how near death is;
Then, with a look, — deep darting on their foes,
That spoke the soul's great triumph! —
Each arm supporting each, — they lifeless fell,
And sunk together, —————

To the land of souls!



V E R S E S

WRITTEN IN A

COTTAGE GARDEN.



W R I T T E N

IN A

COTTAGE GARDEN.

I.

ALL hail, ye ever verdant scenes,
Where soft Content and Peace reside;
With joy I haunt your shady greens,
Where never Care or Grief abide.

Pleas'd, happy, the world's noise I fly,
And court thee, calm Tranquillity.

Oh!

II.

Oh ! you that ever shun the joys
Which calm Contentment ever brings,
That seeking Pleasure, peace destroys,
And weighs down Fancy's soaring wings :
Forego the world, its low joys fly,
And hither seek Tranquillity.

III.

The beating storms of life no more
Shall press upon thy aching head ;
Its wild blast dies upon this shore,
For anxious thoughts are distant fled.
And thou may'st here serenely be,
A child of calm Tranquillity.

Here,

THE COTTAGE GARDEN.

63

IV.

Here, as the clear stream rolls along,
 'Twill sweetly soothe thy soul to rest;
Mov'd by the cadence of her song,
 E'en Sorrow flies the troubled breast:
Each grief far off on Wind's wings fly,
And nought reigns but Tranquillity.

V.

Then, if thy early days have shewn
 Short scenes of bliss, for acts of woe;
Regardless view the moments flown,
 And here its future ill forego.
Content's sweet smile around thee see,
Encircled with Tranquillity.

And,

VI.

And, stranger, if thy hard fate frown,
And love's deep anguish rend thy breast ;
If some false maid or friend disown
The heart which late they pleas'd possess'd ;

From Love's and Friendship's false joys fly,
And here possess Tranquillity.

VII.

For here the sweet maid holds her court,
She dwells in ev'ry shade and grove ;
Around her steps the Muses sport,
And pleasing fancies ever rove.

Here thou may'st ever happy be,
For thou wilt find Tranquility.

Then

VIII.

Then haste, oh haste, the world despise,
That still wou'd court thee to her arms ;
For lasting joy her bosom flies,
And thou art caught with wizard charms ;
Which soon wou'd vanish, couldst thou see
The fix'd joys of Tranquillity.

IX.

Here Melancholy never reigns,
A still calm transport rules the hour ;
The sighs of Grief forsake the plains,
Nor harbour in the peace-crown'd bow'r.
The owl, the lark still sings to thee
The soft song of Tranquillity.

K

Oh,

X.

Oh ! where can happier life be found,
Than by soft shades and gliding rills ;
Where soft the zephyrs murmur round,
And whisper by slow rising hills ;
And life as that flows gently by,
Its guardian god, Tranquillity,

XI.

And lo, upon yon woodland hill,
The lone swain tends his little flock ;
Hark ! while the grove's musicians still,
His soft reed echoes from yon rock,
Content, serene, him happy see,
Calm, blest'd with soft Tranquillity.

But

XII.

But did he rove to scenes remote,
And taste the world's false titled bliss;
He wou'd despise his humble cote,
And deem his little store amiss.
Unknown then to all joy he'd be,
A stranger to Tranquillity.

XIII.

For grandeur rides on rougher waves,
And oft is shipwreck'd on the shore;
From the wild storm no treasure saves,
But fame and peace and joy's no more:
Content, estrang'd, from them they see,
Nor e'er can find Tranquillity.

Then

XIV.

Then come, oh come, and view this shade,
And fly the scenes of busy life ;
The war of passions ne'er invade,
'Tis sacred all, from noise and strife.
Then come, oh come, life's ills defy,
And live with calm Tranquillity.

XV.

Here Health, fair lovely nymph divine,
Her blessings ever spreads around ;
She, sparkling on the bright leaves shine,
And is in ev'ry green hedge found :
For Health, bright goddess, rosy, free,
Is sister to Tranquillity.

Here

XVI.

Here, music, too, shall meet thy ear,
 From ev'ry vale and green-wood shade ;
 Thy lonely moments soft to cheer,
 Their warbling notes each grove pervade :
 The lark and linnet's soft songs be
 Attuned by Tranquillity.

XVII.

Then, if the muse has blest'd thy day,
 Or smil'd upon thy natal hour ;
 Here, doubly blest'd, thy feet can stray,
 And gather sweets from ev'ry flow'r.
 The Muses all will sport with thee,
 They dwell where reigns Tranquillity.

The

XVIII.

The purple wings of eve shall waft
 Repose around thy mossy bed ;
The morning shall with blushes soft,
 Her roseate beauties round thee spread :
Each wish'd-for joy shall live with thee,
Nor Care hold back Tranquillity.

XIX.

Yet, stranger, if thy feet pervade,
 The joys of soft Content to find ;
Let passion from thy breast be stray'd,
 And cast each anxious thought behind.
Pride nor ambition e'er can be
Companions of Tranquillity.

But

XX.

But bring, ah bring, a guiltless heart,
A soul that scorns the stamp of ill ;
Then shall its joys ne'er from thee part,
But nameless transports thy breast fill :
Thy morns, thy eves, shall happy be,
Calm, crown'd with Tranquillity.



IN SENATE,

JANUARY 1, 1891.

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS

THE
FLIGHT OF HAGAR,

A
FRAGMENT.

L



THE
FLIGHT OF HAGAR;
A
FRAGMENT.

THE morn bright beaming rose, and on the plains
shed her ambrosial sweets; — the birds soft warbled
from the leafy grove; — and music floated on each
zephyr's wing: when from fair Salem's walls Hagara
fled, — fled from Zaria's jealousy and scorn. — A
cruse of water and a little bread was all her store. —

L 2

Now

Now had she reached a distant rising hill, that wide around o'erlooked the verdant plains, — there fixed she stood, and back her eyes, that shone with trembling tears, she weeping turns, — views her late dwelling, — now no more her home; — then bid adieu, and sighed a farewell to fair Jordan's stream.

Long stood she thus, — nor knew what path to take. — The shepherds' tents she from afar beheld, swell o'er the plains. — She heard their cheering pipes bid echo wake, — and saw them forth their flocks to pasture lead, with jocund heart: — her's ached with grief. —

“What if I there,” — (stifling the sigh, she cried,)
“what if I there direct my stranger feet! —
“Ah! no; — I there may find the ills I fly, — and
“cruel hands may o'er my child exult. — No, to that
“God who gave, I will resign thee:” —

Then on, through thick'ning groves, that led to pathless woods, and forests wild, she takes her way; uncertain all; — yet on she toils, till mid furrounding hills her path is lost. — Now horrors thicken round her: — her little store is gone, — while anguish tears her heart. — Pleased, in her face her little infant smiles. — His smiles through all her soul shot darts of grief; — her tender heart is torn with varying pangs; — a stranger to the world, she knows not whither her sad steps to turn; she wishes Death's fare arm would conquer life. — Now, in his zenith, intensely fervent burnt the Sun's fierce ray; — around the dreary waste she throws her eyes; — with tears sad shining. — No hand appears to dry the falling drops, — or fill her emptied cruse; — her infant's cries pierce deep into her heart, and wild despair fierce reigned: — She clasps him to her breast in wild distraction, — then holds him distant from her, — nor knows to quell his tears, that melt her soul. — She cannot see him die, — nor life can give. — Soft, at a mountain's foot she laid him down, — his cries pursue her; — sudden she stopt, while anguish swelled in every perturbed

turbed vein : —— down on the earth she falls, — to
Heaven she cries : ——

“ Oh ! thou, great God, — that from the deluge
“ my forefathers saved, — whose boundless mercy all
“ adoring own ! —— Oh ! why forsake me now ? —
“ in anguish leave me ? — Oh ! let in pity thy big
“ rains descend, —— quench the parched hand of
“ thirst that now devours him ! — Oh ! thou that dost
“ the vast tumultuous waves from out their caverns tear,
“ — and bidst at will the foaming billows leap beyond
“ their bounds : — oh ! bid one drop descend to waken
“ life : — ah ! see his fading eyes are almost closed : —
“ God of my fathers, — spare, spare my child, and take
“ this loathed life.” —

—— Unknowing, wild, she round the forest flies :
— overcome by grief, to earth she senseless falls, ——
when lo, — a white-winged cherub from the blue clouds
burst forth ; celestial Peace, bright beaming all around. —

“ Rise,

—— “ Rise, rise, Hagara, rise !” the mission cried ;
“ shall man, by passion blinded, lost “ in error, dare
“ arraign his GOD ? —— The dim-eyed veil of black
“ Despair shut out the ray of Reason from thee,
“ and led thy feet in darkness. —— See, from yon
“ rock down gushes the pure stream : —— there haste
“ thy steps, and own how vain thy contest with the
“ ALMIGHTY. —— Did not his mercy watch over
“ human weakness, —— all, all would fall, —— impa-
“ tient waiting for some good far off, —— they fly the
“ blessing near, and all is lost.” ——

The vision fled : —— Hagara swift arose. —— Her opened
eyes beheld, speechless beheld, between two dusky rocks,
the stream soft flow. —— What felt her heart ? —— Such
transports feels the wretch : —— but weak is language, ——
metaphors too poor to paint her greater feelings. ——
Hard was the combat ’twixt the meeting passions, de-
light and anguish : —— scarce would stern Grief resign
his long-fixed throne to the new comer, Joy. —— ’Twas
dumb amazement all ! She saw his opening eyes, his
faded

faded lips, regain their late lost hue, and beauties bloom afresh. — Down on her knees she fell, and thanked her God. — Her soul poured forth all its wondrous transport, — and all unbounded flows her heart's excess. No more despairs, but to that God who had so late restored her, she trusted all, and farther onward still she bends her steps.

But now the Moon her silver influence spreads over the plains; — beneath the covert of a thick wove tree, she sat her down, — by toil overcome, each sense to sleep resigns: — her cares, her hopes, her fears, are vanished all; — sealed by his hand, who enchants all mankind; — her griefs are vanished, and she peaceful rests; — nor hope of joy, nor fear of ills molest her. — At length the morn bright rose to wake the world, — when from the distant plains an hoary shepherd this way leads his flock: — surprised, he views her. — A form like her's unguarded thus to wander, excites his stay. — Adown her cheek the bright tear glittering rolled: — for the day's cares, in dreams afresh pursue

purfue her, and now ſhe thinks her child ſad panting lies ; — ſhe claſps him to her breaſt with ardent grief. — When the lambs bleat, the ſleeping fair awakes ; — before her, bending o'er his ſilver ſtaff, the hoar ſwain ſtood : he bids her ceaſe her grief, and weep no more, whate'er the cauſe : — no foes ſhe there ſhould find ; his heart would give whate'er his hand poſſeſſed ; — nor human rage ſhould hurt her. — He then her fate enquires, — and what could to ſo drear a deſart drive ſo fair a form. — She weeping tells, how, from a miſtreſs's rage ſhe hither fled, to eſcape the cruel hand of hard oppreſſion, that preſſed its load upon her infant ſon. —

A falling tear ſpake him of gentle kind. — He on the infant ſmiled parental love. — Then to his hut he leads, and to his mate preſents the beauteous ſtranger, — weeping the heart's unbounded flow of gratitude, — that ſwelled with thanks to him and to her God. — The aged matron, pleaſed, on her fair gueſt ſmiled, and placed before them all her cottage ſtore.

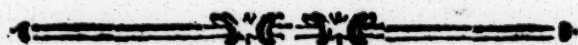
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Pleaſed

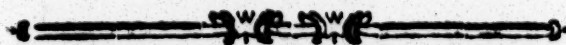
Pleased she beheld the little infant eat, — while
his fond mother's thanks in tears' soft rhetoric flow,
— and now with them she shares her future day. —
At morn she leads their flocks to pasture forth; — at
noon she guides them from the scorching sun; — and
home, at eve, with gentle pace conducts them. —

Now tranquil passed her days. — Oft from the
mountain's brow, each bank and grove, her prayers
ascend to Heaven; and, as her rising infant's years in-
crease, she to the desert leads him; there oft repeats
his Maker's mercy, there; and bids him humbly that
great Power adore.





S O N N E T S.





SONNET THE FIRST.

I.

“ OH! turn, sweet virgin of the grove,
“ Oh! turn and hear the sighs of love :
“ For thee the Spring has spread her flow’rs,
“ For thee adorn’d the verdant bow’rs,
“ No discord here, — no wizard’s charm
“ Shall thy soft soul’s dear peace alarm ;
“ Turn, then, sweet virgin of the grove,
“ Oh! turn, and hear the sighs of Love !

Pure

II.

" Pure as the stream that cools the vale,
 " Or dying shepherds' tender tale,
 " Or thee, sweet maid, — yet purer far
 " Than morning dew, — or ev'ning star,
 " Is all around : — This blest retreat
 " Alone is Virtue's sacred seat :
 " Turn then, sweet virgin of the grove,
 " Oh ! turn and hear the sighs of Love !

III.

" Around, fair Virtue spreads her wing,
 " She guards with Love the birds that sing ;
 " By her this spot is hallow'd made,
 " No step prophane can here invade ;
 " Nought, nought save Love's unhappy care,
 " Its tears, its pains, can enter here :
 " Turn, then, sweet virgin of the grove,
 " Oh ! turn and hear the sighs of Love !

Hear,

VI.

" Hear, hear a heart that bleeds, that dies,
" Sweet virgin, hear, nor scorn its sighs ;
" At morn, for thee it wakes the grove,
" At eve, for thee it sings of Love.
" Then, e'er with Death thy shepherd lies,
" Of faithful love the sacrifice ;
" Turn, turn, sweet virgin of the grove,
" And pitying hear the sighs of Love."



SONNET THE SECOND.

I.

THE wintry skies and pouring rains,
That wash the mossy grove ;
The winds wild raging round the plains,
Far hence detain my love.

II.

Did Pity ride upon your wings,
With you, ye waters, blend ;
Oh ! ye wou'd not a tender heart
With such soft anguish rend.

III.

But, swift as thought, far hence ye'd rove,
To other scenes repair ;
Where no fond maid expects her love,
Nor no fond youth his fair.

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